

steady as I ever was," he said.
"You'll have to put your coat on, Uncle Dave," said the picture-man.

"No, I won't," snapped Uncle Dave. "These are for my friends."



A coat isn't real anyway. My shirt has been my only coat the biggest part of my life."

Mr. Hancock came to Red Wing in 1854 and has lived there ever since. Before the railroads came through he carted mail by boat, and after securing one contract which called for weekly deliveries twice a week just to give good service. That's the way he has done business all his life.

"I have never been sick but once in my life and that was many years ago. At that time I heard the doctor say I was going to die, and I turned to him and

said: 'There's no chance for me to die. I won't do it.' And here I am yet. I have always gone to bed early and risen early. I do yet. I have smoked clay pipes since I was 17 years old, but no cigars for me.

"Music was always my first love. I could play anything from a fiddle to a trombone or a snare-drum. I managed the first band Red Wing ever had.

"But my life has been that of a



steamboat man. I am proud to say that I made a big reputation as a steamboat captain. My name stood for the best all up and down the river in the old days. That's where I lived."

The Voice of the Wind.

Wesley, four years old, who had been told if he was naughty, God would be angry with him. So standing by the window one winter day, he heard the wind blowing down the chimney, he turned to his mother and said: "Mamma, God's mad. Hear him yell."